ULRIC and ILVINA.

VOL. I.

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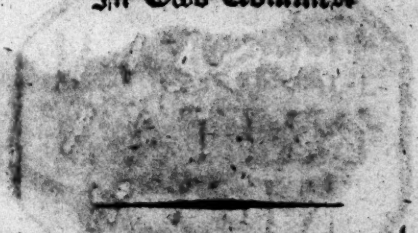
Ulric *and* Ilvina:

THE

SCANDINAVIAN TALE.

In Two Volumes.



"SUNT ETIAM SUA PRÆMIA LAUDI."

VOL. I.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
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PREFACE.

YE, powers of Song! who in far distant days,
Breath'd inspiration on the poet's lays;
Where'er ye powers ye hold your hallow'd reign,
Or on Pierian mount, or Delphic plain,
Or on some ice-clad sea-beat cliff reclin'd,
Your loose robes waving to the wanton wind,
In icy realms, amid eternal snow,
You bid the poet's ardent soul to glow,
Lend me your aid, ye powers, awhile to glance,
Far in the distant land of old Romance.

On unfledg'd pinions now the infant muse,
Trembling, her dark and devious track pursues.
Lend, lend your aid! Scarce on her youthful head,
Have eighteen suns their genial influence shed.
She dreads to soar; she dreads in sounding verse
The daring actions of her chiefs t' rehearse.
No god impetuous darting from on high,
For mortal cause deserts the azure sky,

Or from beneath, on sulphurous whirlwinds borne,
No dœmon dares to ride the billowing storm;
Nor sheeted ghost, nor fell malicious sprite,
Break the dead stillneſs of the placid night.
All, all is human. When a tempest lours,
No aid is given by infernal powers,
When blood and carnage load the groaning ground,
No shouting godhead swells the battle's sound.
By human paſsions are my heroes fir'd,
Not by superior agency inspir'd.
No angel comes to save the victim's life;
No dœmon furnishes the murdering knife.

Rude is my tale. Rude was the Gothic age,
No sparkling wit adorns the rough-hewn page;
No warriors then were taught the mazy dance,
Nor false politeneſs at the court of France;
To bid their words with friendship feign'd to glow,
A friend in words, in heart a bitter foe.

A mind which soar'd above the storms of fate,
An ardent soul unconquerably great,
A breast awake to beauty's every charm,
With pity throbbing, with affection warm;

Pious and just, and thirsting still for praise;
Such was a MAN of those term'd *barbarous days.*

No Eastern grandeur loads my humble tale,
No purple banners court the spicy gale;
No myrtle groves, no amaranthine bowers,
No meads enamell'd with a thousand flowers;
But bold and barren is the simple scene,
As Norway is, and Norway e'er has been.

I strive to teach no truth untaught before,
No subtle offspring of scholastic lore.
For sound morality, when thus refin'd,
Escapes the grofsnefs of the human mind.
Too pure to wallow in a sensual stye,
It joins its kindred air and soars on high.
Were I to state the moral of my tale,
It shortly is, that VIRTUE SHALL PREVAIL.
That tho' as down the stream of life they're borne,
To tow'ring gales succeeds the blus'tring storm,
Tho' raging tempests speak destruction near,
The hoarse surge howling in each tingling ear;
On fraudful sands or rugged clifts tho' cast,
A peaceful haven waits the good at last.

A peaceful haven! O that by Heaven's decree
A peaceful haven was assigned to me!
Soon would I then this scribbling trade give o'er,
And plague the world with Gothic tales no more,
But free from all restraint would live at ease,
Write when I please, and only when I please;
Nor bow obsequious to the printer's nod,
Nor dread the learned critic's chastening rod.

Yet if this tale can sooth the wounded heart,
Allay the anguish of affliction's dart;
Can for one hour the tedious time beguile,
Can brighten beauty's cheek with pleasure's smile,
Can bid one tear empearl the pitying eye,
One bosom heave the sympathetic sigh,
Smile at the scenes of joy, the ills deplore,
My wishes are fulfill'd; I ask no more.

ULRIC AND ILVINA:

The Scandinavian Tale.

FROM the billow-beaten shores of Osel and Dago,* the swift ship bounded o'er the foam-crested waves; the ship which brought Ulric of Osel to rescue Ilvina from Lodrog.

The frowning towers of Hedemora† reared high their turreted heads: round them, in arms, lay the host of Ulric. The moon dim twinkling from the dark cloud, illumed their camp with transcient

* Osel and Dago, two islands in the Baltic, the hereditary dominions of Ulric's family.

† An ancient castle, upon the coast of Sweden, for ages the bulwark of the family of Lodrog.

gleams. Here, round the half extinguished fires, the sleeping chiefs reclined. The centinel with surly hum stalks his appointed round; and Ulric, anxious for the ensuing day, now ſtands with folded arms,—now hastens with unequal strides.

The grey dawn of morning appeared on the eastern hills: the black pines which cloath'd their aspiring heads, sigh'd to the cheering breeze. From the hanging precipice the goat regarded the vale beneath, and started at the gleam and clash of arms. The rising sun with crimson streaks, now gilded the highest battlements of the castle, now reached the vale below, where the banners of Ulric streamed to the northern wind.

Mark yon veteran bending o'er the battered shield: the scars of glory seam

his manly front; his war-worn sinews refuse to toſs the spear; but still he wields the gleaming sword.

Yonder, ardent for the battle, the youth brandishes his lance in air, and shouts with exulting joy. All are active:—all in arms. The knights sheathed in iron, bound on their foaming steeds, their foaming steeds exult beneath their weight, and with fiery neighings provoke the war. Calm dignity sat enthroned on the brow of Ulric: his blue eye glared deliberate valour: his yellow hair flowed negligently round his manly neck: with maſsy sword high girt upon his side, he couched his quivering spear. "Haste thee Aulph," he cried, "away to Hedemora's lord. Tell him to yield Ilvina to the chief of Osel and Dago." Aulph obeyed; he seized the flag of truce; he

paſsed the out-guards of Ulric's troops; he approached the gate of the caſtle which was flanked by towers venerable from antiquity, and rudely ornamented with barbarous ſculpture. The bugle horn hung ſuſpended to the wicket by a leathern thong; he blew a loud blaſt, and was inſtantly anſwered by the keeper of the gates, who, from the battlements above, demanded his buſineſs there. "Tell thy lord," replied Aulph, "that Ulric of Oſel demands Ilvina." The keeper withdrew, but ſpeedily returned. "Tell Ulric," he cried, "that Lodrog never will yield the fair. Bid him regard theſe towers, whoſe black battlements frown on his daſtard hoſt. Bid him regard thoſe heroes, who clad in blazing arms, ſtand thick upon our ramparts. Bid him regard this rock, on which the caſtle ſtands, and return in

despair to his dreary isle. There let him chase the bear or the wolf, for never shall Ilvina blefs his arms. If he perfists, his blood shall drench these walls."

Aulph returned; and found Ulric with the chiefs of his army aſsembled in council. He related the proud defiance of the haughty baron, and scarce had concluded his tale, when Rudulph arose and spoke. "Though the roar of battle is pleasing to mine ear, though the gleam of steel delights mine eye; yet, lord of Osel, my voice is not now for war. Thy father, O chieftain, oft raised the spear; he conquered, but his people fell. Our force is small, the castle strong. O Ulric, be advised; nor let thy subjects bleed in vain. What wilt thou say when the orphans of Osel, with extended hands, and streaming eyes, shall lament their

sires? When the widows of Dago shall weep for their husbands in vain? Or, victor or vanquished, thy people must bleed, and bleed in a woman's cause."

"Sons of Scandinavia," cried the red-haired Hugo, "where is your ancient spirit fled? Where that fiery energy of soul, which exulted in the strife of men? Gone with the shades of our forefathers; or to the shadowy halls of Odin; or—it matters not.—But must the feigned tales of the * sons of the south, check that spirit, that nervousneſs of soul, which has so long been esteemed ours?—Give me back the blood-stained altars of Odin;

* The worship of christianity had been but recently adopted in these northern regions; it was, therefore, natural for a barbarian chief to regret the worship of Odin, which was peculiarly adapted for promoting ferocious valour.

—rather would I drink mead from the skulls of my foes, than dully drag on a drowsy immortality, in the peaceful bowers of paradise."

"Stop wretch," cried a white bearded sage, "nor with thy blasphemies polute our ears. Cam'st thou here to revile those truths, which, since thou can'st not practice, thou wilt not believe?"—

"Or cam'st thou," interrupted Rudulph, "with wolfish thirst of blood, to plunge us in the horrors of war? That noble spirit which enflamed our fathers breasts, beats high in ours. Though no longer like the bear, who, prowling from his snow-clad mountains, delights to gorge himself with gore, do we, rushing from our fastneſses, overwhelm the peaceable inhabitants of the vale. But let the

proud invaders approach our shores; then, Hugo, they shall find that we are men:—men fit for deeds of desperate daring, in freedom and their country's cause."

"Rudulph and Hugo ceaſe your strife," exclaimed Ulric, "and listen to my words. Thy blasphemies, Hugo, I trust, have sprung from love to me, and as such, I pray the God of heaven to forgive them. Thou, Rudulph, ne'er knew'st Ilvina; or else thou hadst not thought it base, to bleed in a woman's cause. But knights and chieftains of Osel and Dago, I would not be prodigal of my people's blood; though to rescue Ilvina is the warmest wish of my soul; I would not obtain it at so dear a price. Let Lodrog descend from his towers; let him and I singly decide, what concerns him and I alone. The tears of the widow,

the curse of the orphan, shall never light on my head."

"Shall Ulric fight, and Hugo stand tamely looking on? May I first die the death of the coward. Shall it be said, that Scandinavians saw their lord slain and strove not to assist him? Wer't thou, Ulric, to fall, what would become of thy people? without a guide, without a protector, without Ulric, what should we be? No: if the fates have destined thee to perish, at least we'll fall beside thee."

"Lord of Dago" said Rudulph, "my sword has been often tried in battle, nor is my heart of feeble mould. No one will lament me. I stand alone in the world; my friends have fallen from my side. Let me engage with Ledrog, nor

do thou, Ulric, risk a life so dear, so neceſsary to thy country."

"No," said Ulric, "between him and I is the quarrel, between him and I shall be the strife."—

"Never, never," cried the whole with united voice. "Lead us on, lead us on to the battle; there is not a man in Osel or Dago who would not shed his heart's blood in Ulric's cause."

Once more Ulric attempted to speak, but his voice was drowned in the shouts of his troops. Obliged to comply, he ordered them to prepare for the attack. Some strung their bows whilst others sharpened the portended spear, others cleansed their armour of rust; some prepared the huge engines for discharg-

ing stones, while others suspended between its props the immense beam, destined to batter down the gates.

At length the trumpets sound from all sides, they rush to the assault. The troops of Lodrog from the ramparts, throw down immense stones and vollies of darts. The engines creak, the beam thunders against the gates, the steeds neigh, the islanders, with horrific shouts, apply their ladders to the walls, the besieged hurl them down with maddening fury, the brazen trumpet's hollow sound, the clashing of armour, the groans of the dying, the shouts of the assailants, the crash of arms, all blend their horrible discord. The moat is choaked up with slain, and the walls drenched with blood.

Already Hugo, smeared with gore, a blazing torch in one hand, and a bloody sword in the other, assays to mount. See his foot just touch the ramparts, the besieged hurl down the ladder—he falls—his armour rings upon the ground—he rises—he is unhurt. At this moment Lodrog, conscious of his superior numbers, determines to be no longer cooped up within the walls of his castle. He accordingly detaches Calmar at the head of a chosen body of men. They issue from the postern gate, and steal, unperceived, along the western side of the castle; against the northern front alone, the assailants directed their fury. The troops of Lodrog move from thence into the forests of black pine, which covered the side of the eastern hills, and from thence suddenly rushing down, attack the men of Ulric in flank and rear.

Calmar, mounted on a black and fiery steed, plunged into the thickest of the fight. The sable eagle's wing, which crested his helmet, waved dark over his terrible brows; he wielded in his right arm a mace, ponderous and deeply stained with blood; he wielded with horrific sway, and mowed the field before him. Animated by his valour, the men of Hedemora rush on through every danger. Then the clamor of battle arose. The iron spears were driven through the crashing bucklers, the swords jarred harshly on the plumed helms, and the ground became slippery with the curdled blood of heroes.

Who is that who singly stems the torrent of war? He stands entrenched on the dead bodies of his foes, and, from the red rolling of his eye, glares havock.

'Tis Harold of Dago. Fierce as the wolf who defends her young from the aſsaults of the hunter; he stands, and with threat'ning voice, exclaims, turn, Calmar, turn, I dare thine utmost ire, the black blood of thy heart shall drench this earth, or thine eagle crest shall bow low beneath my feet.

He ſpoke, and straining his tough sinews, flung his enormous spear. Swiſt and fierce, as the red lightening of heaven, when it blasts the mountain-grown pine, drove the mace of Calmar through his crashing helm. The brain spatters the gory weapon; he falls, and, like the fallen pine, stretches his enormous limbs on the field. The flight of Osel poured wide over the plain; and, as the whale drives the timorous fishes in shoals before him, did Calmar urge them on.

Ulric heard of the death of his people, and turned from the castle. He applied the horn to his lips, and thrice blew a shrill blast. The ringing valley re-bellowed the sound. The troops of Lodrog stood aghast, and even Calmar stayed his uplifted steel. The din of battle died away; a silence still more dreadful ensued. Is it thus, ye womanish islanders, that ye tarnish the unsullied fame of your sires? Is it thus that ye suffer that tree of glory, which was planted on their lifeleſs limbs and watered by their blood, to be blasted by your cowardice? Turn! cowards, turn! Dare aught but flight while Ulric's at your head.

He spoke, and, spurring on his fiery steed, drove through the gleaming ridges of war; terror and flight in his van, and havock in his rear. The clashing ranks

closed on every side; and war, in his most hideous shape, deformed the field. Fierce as the whirlwind when it scours the northern seas, when it drives the huge billows before it, and dashes on high the foam-envelloped main, did Ulric sweep the ranks of Hedemora. Radiant in all his burnished arms, terror glazed from his beaming helm,—slaughter guided his empurpled spear. Wild with fear, the troops of Hedemora rushed down the vale. The fate of battle was changed, and Ulric prevailed.

Who first dared to stay thy rage, chief of stormy Osel? His limbs are circled in the fur of the wolf; the spoils of the bear surround his shaggy brows. No spear does he toss, but he twangs the sounding bow. No steed bears him to the fight; he trusts to himself alone.

Fearleſs he stands 'midst flying thousands, and calmly points the feathered death. The bow twangs. Turn friends, he cries, the foe is slain, his smoaking blood flows o'er his glistening armour. Turn! Ulric is no more. Stay, vaunter! cried Ulric, and tugged out the shaft; stay, and to thy sad experience find, that Ulric is yet alive.

He spoke, and flung his unerring lance. Thou fallest! fur-clad Eric. No more on Dunthala's barren cliffs shalt thou pierce the flying deer. Thy dogs pursue the chace alone; they listen, and think, in the sighings of the wind, that they hear the voice of their lord.

Next Carthold fell; who, from Tornatha's dreary heath, led his untutored bands. No spear did he toſs, no sword

did he wield; but sway'd, with giant's might, a knotty club.

Regardleſs of the smart of his wound, Ulric led on his dauntleſs troops to victory. Nor slept thy sword by thy side, red-haired Hugo! Thou foughtest beside thy Lord. Thou wieldest thy thundering faulchion; thou mowedst the field. Fierce as the gore-smeared bear or ravening wolf chases the trembling hind, you pursued the men of Lodrog; and, as the hind flies from the bear or wolf, did your foes fly before you.

Lodrog beheld from his towers the death of his men. He saw that Calmar, exhausted with toil, could not renew the fight. He set wide the gates of his castle, and poured his thouſands on the fields. As the torrent which swoln by

wintry storms comes rolling down the hollow glen, tearing the giant oak from its rivetted and knotty root, hurling the rattling stones, the screaming shepherd and his fleecy care before it, poured Lodrog and his heroes o'er the plain. Pursuing the tide of victory, adown the vale the strength of Osel fought. Few were before the castle: but amongst those few was Rudulph. Vainly on him thick hurled the barbed dart. Calmly he stood amidst the crash of spears, as the rock 'midst the roaring of storms.

"Fly from before my presence!" exclaimed Lodrog, "or my brandished spear shall crush thee to dust. Thou art no more before me than the sparrow before the hawk. The eagles and ravens of Lochlin shall tear thy limbs, her bears and her wolves shall glut in thy gore."

"Son of pride," replied Rudulph, "thy words are many and great. I am not to be frightened with threats, my arm has been tried in war." He spoke, and couched his empurpled spear. Lodrog stormed, and reared high his lance. Then had been decided the fate of Ilvina, had not the strife of the many driven the heroes asunder.

Thrice flew the spear of Rudulph, and three warriors fell. Firm he stood, and repulsed the foe; but he stood alone. His men melted from his side before the fiery wrath of Lodrog. Ethelwold of Osel opposed his mighty arm; the quiv'ring spear deep gored his shaggy breast. "Thus fall my foes!" cried the haughty Lodrog, and plunged again in fight.

As wide o'er the plain Ulric urged the flight of his enemies, the groans of his people, falling beneath the steel of Lodrog, reached his ear. Fierce he turned, as the wolf who hears the piteous howling of her young in the hands of the hunter; and, leaving to Hugo the care of the van, rushed on to aid his men. As the stream of liquid fire comes roaring down Hecla to the sea, and, thundering with horrid hissing crash, beats back the broad billows of the boiling main, the fervid stream glows 'neath th' infuriate deep, o'er it in vain the howling surges hiss, earth trembles, the monsters of the ocean recoil aghast with fear, and the giant whale speeds his unwieldy flight, so rushed Ulric on his foes. Vainly on him, in iron-sheeted shower, thick hurled the loud roaring storm of war. Furious he onward drove,

'till, encumbered by thousands, immoveable he stood. His blood streamed from the wound in his breast, his cheek was wan and pale, but his eyes flashed fire. He felt his strength decline; and, raising his voice, called on Lodrog aloud.

"Baron of Hedelmora!" he exclaimed, "approach, and spare a flying foe: come hither; and, in equal strife, decide Ilvina's fate."

Lodrog obeyed. He with joy saw the blood trickling down the armour of Ulric: he raised his mighty spear, and spurred on his steed to the charge. The troops fell back on either side, and silence prevailed through the field. At the same instant the fiery coursers start, fly o'er the plain, and meet. The spear of Ulric, guided by a steady arm, struck

the crest of Lodrog, and laid him in the dust. Ulric prepared to dismount and aſsist his fallen antagonist, when an adherent of Lodrog, unperceived, stabbed his horse in the belly. The courser floundering fell, and crushed the leg and thigh of his lord beneath him. Weak with loſs of blood, and overcome by pain, Ulric fainted away. Victory! cried furious Baader; Victory, my friends! our foe lies low in his blood. Close your ranks; surround his dastard vaſsals: let not one return to his storm-beaten isle, to rouse his thousands to avenge their lord.

Where Osel prevailed, and urged the disorderly flight of Hedemora, Hugo and Calmar met. As the wolf rushes on the bellowing bull, so rushed Hugo on Calmar; and as the bull repels the savage

ferocity of the wolf, did Calmar repel him. The steed of Calmar had fallen in the conflict. Hugo fought on foot. At once bending forward, each flung his well-poised javelin. The spear of Hugo hiſses o'er Calmar's head. Thy breast, Oh Arth! received the wound; thou fallest, and in convulsive sobs expirest. The spear of Calmar pierced Hugo's shield, and grazed his side. Fired with rage the hero flung down his shield, and rushed with drawn sword upon his hated foe. With one blow he forced the mace of Calmar from his hand; at a second he aimed at his head, the faithleſs steel shivered in his grasp. With maddening fury he stamped; and, seizing Calmar by the helmet, flung him headlong on the ground. He seized the fallen hero's mace, and his arm was raised for the fatal blow, when the words "Ulric is

taken" struck his affrighted ears. Swift and vehement as the forked lightning, he turned; and rushed over the field to where, by the crowd of warriors, he judged that Ulric might be. Unnumbered spears rung on his rattling armour; but Hugo regarded them not. He fought for Ulric, and despised death.

With furious rage he swung the mighty mace; he dealt repeated blows, and death succeeded each. Grimly streaked with the wand'ring blood of his foes, and black with dust, the terrible wave of his crest, tossed by the furious breath of war, overshadowed his lowering brows. With one foot advanced he stood firm as the scathed oak, round whose head the lightenings hiss in vain; and, with nervous arms, wielded his terrible weapon. Vainly he dashed his foes to the earth;

others succeeded the slain. The breath of Hugo grew short; he panted; and, spent with fatigue, recoiled. The foe pursued him not.

Raising his bloody hands to the azure vault above him, "Ruler of battles," he cried, "who sittest enthroned in thunder, let me die if it be thy will; but let me save my lord."

He spoke, and felt new vigour string every nerve. His glowing soul burnt with redoubled energy; he grasped his weapon, and plunged again in war.—Baadar smote him from behind. The ringing helmet was true to its trust; but, stunned with the blow, Hugo thundering fell. His iron arms rattle on the ground, and the mace forsakes his hand.

On all sides Osel fled. Calmar thunders on their flank; Baader on the rear; while Lodrog, recovered from his trance, pours his infuriate thousands on their front. Vainly strove Rudulph to restore them to order. Ulric was gone; and, with him, all their valour. The red-haired Hugo lay senseleſs on the field; and, with him, all their spirit.

"Bind Hugo," cried Lodrog, "with your maſsiest chains, e'er yet he recover his senses: bear the body of Ulric into the castle; and, in the outer court, do you wait our return." The vaſsals of Lodrog obeyed: they bore the lifeleſs Ulric to the castle; and Hugo, who had recovered his senses, fixed his red eyes on the earth, while his maſsy chains clanked around him, as he sternly strode along. He looked at the bleeding Ulric,

and the burning tear gushed down his glowing cheek. The iron gates grated harshly on their jarring hinges, and the maſsy portcullis was slowly raised to receive them. They entered the outer court, surrounded by vast towers; whose hoary appearance proclaimed their antiquity, and whose battered walls bore the mark of frequent aſsaults. The gates which led to the inner court were barbarously grand with gothic sculpture. The wicket that was in them opened; and a female form, of angelic beauty, her flowing treſses hanging dishevelled around her snow-white neck, rushed wildly into the court. It was Ilvina. From one of the towers she had contemplated the battle, and with agony beheld the flight of her friends. She saw the men of Lodrog bring an apparently lifeleſs body to the castle, accompanied by a man in

chains. To relieve herself from the agonizing suspence which this incident caused, she escaped from her maidens and hastened into the court. As she drew nearer, and observed the hero's armour stained with recent gore, and Hugo bending in silent agony over him, she felt a faint sickneſs come over her heart, she could no longer see distinctly, her limbs refused to support her, and she was obliged to rest against one of the buttreſses before she could approach the body. The visor of Ulric was partly down, and not enough of his wan features were discernable to enable her to recognize them. Twice she endeavoured to raise the visor; but twice her trembling hand refused to perform its office. The third attempt succeeded; and, gazing on his pallid countenance with the steadineſs of phrenzy, her eyes became fixed, her

limbs motionleſs, and, without uttering a single word, she fainted away in the arms of her maidens, who had by this time arrived. They were preparing to carry her to her apartment in the castle, when, suddenly recovering from her swoon, she burst from them; and, wildly grasping the cold hand of Ulric, she threw herself beside him; she embraced his bleeding corpſe, kiſsed his pallid lips, and bathed him in the tears of affection. Hugo groaned from the inmost receſses of his heart. The grief-wrung tear coursed down his manly cheek. Even the iron hearts of the soldiers of Lodrog were melted, and the women of Ilvina wept aloud.

Fearing the anger of the haughty tyrant of Hedemora, they however endeavoured to remove their mistreſs to her apart-

ments: but she clung closely to the apparently lifeless body of her lover; and, in the most moving terms, intreated them to let her remain. "Tear me not from his body," she cried, "'tis all that is left me of the bravest, the most amiable of men. O Ulric! Ulric! is it thus we are doomed to meet! Little did I think, on that day when thou leddest me from my native home, that we should meet no more in life. That tender heart, which once beat high with love for the wretched Ilvina, is now cold. That spirit which inflamed thy noble breast is now extinct, O Ulric! Ulric! My husband."

Ulric, roused by her careises from the death-like trance into which he had fallen, opened his languid eyes, and faintly exclaimed "Ilvina!"

"He lives!" she cried; and raised herself on her knees. A gleam of joy suffused her lovely countenance. The fire flashed from the eyes of Hugo; and, stooping, he raised the head of his lord, whilst Ilvina unlaced his helmet. Ulric was unable to speak; his eyes were half closed in death—the spark of life lingered on his eye-ball—it faintly flashed—then seemed gone for ever. The heart of Ilvina was too full for articulate utterance: she cast her petitioning eyes alternately upon Ulric and the guards; she wished to speak, but could not. They refused to understand her gestures, and remained coldly gazing on the group. "Monsters!" at length exclaimed Hugo, "will ye suffer my noble lord to die? convey him this instant into the castle, or —." He raised his hand to enforce the command, the clank of his chains smote his ear; he started, and dropped it again.

Ilvina now addreſsed them: she begged, she entreated with all the impressive eloquence of woe; but their stubborn hearts remained inflexible. She knelt beside him, and in speechleſs agony bound his wounds. She chafed his temples; he opened his eyes and stared wildly around him. Mean while the army of Ulric sustained a total defeat. His dispirited troops fled on all sides. Rudulph, in attempting to rally them, found a few steady adherents and thus addreſsed them:

"Cowards! Men only in appearance, weaker than women at heart; can you thus fly from the field and leave your lord a prisoner in the hands of your victorious enemies? What will you say when you return to your native shores, and Ulric, the pride of our nation, returns

not with you? Fly dastards, fly; I at least will not survive this disgrace, let those who dare follow me."

As a mass of ice rolling from the top of the snow-clad mountain, comes growing, rushing, thundering into the gulphy vale, till it bursts with sudden ruin on the lowly hamlet; so, their number increasing as they moved, rushed the men of Rudulph on the foe. Eric, flying before Calmar, fell. The youth raised his hands in supplication, "Rise," cried Calmar, "I spare a prostrate foe." Not so the fierce Baader. His spear gored thy breast, O Ethelwold; though with supplications thou intreatedst him to spare thy life. Shrieking, panting, thou writhest beneath his cruel pressure, when, with one foot on thy heart, he tugged out the wreaking steel.

Through the thickest phalanx of the enemy the gallant Rudulph and his heroes penetrated. But no Ulric could they find. Baader discovered their intention, and whirling at them the bloody head of a son of Osel, thus addreſsed them with taunting words. "Bold and faithful islanders, your boasted lord is no more. He whom you so gallantly defended is now within our towers. There shall his mangled limbs wither in the blast, till Ilvina deigns to yield to the embraces of Lodrog." "Cursed be the deed, and cursed be he who tells it," exclaimed Rudulph. "Think not, thou hell-born wolf, to escape my just resentment. My trusty spear shall drink thy gore." He spoke, and, rushing forward, smote the barbarian with his mighty weapon. The brazen shield grated harshly, but resisted the blow. Baader struck in his turn and

pierced the shield of his enemy; his point thus entangled, Rudulph rushed on him and pierced him to the heart. He fell, and harsh was the sound of his mailed limbs.

Rudulph slowly began to retreat. He lead his troops back in order. As the tide ebbs along the stony beach, ever and anon a wave returning overwhelms him who too rashly pursues it. So Rudulph and his bands retreated, dealing death as they retired, 'till safe in their fortified camp, they defied the assaults of the foe. Lodrog pursued them not. He flattered himself, that his enemies, dispirited by the loss of their leader, would return in despair to their native islands, and trouble his shores no more. At the head of his troops he withdrew from the field, and entered the castle of

Hedemora. He viewed the lofty towers with exultation, and with still greater delight reflected upon the lovely prize he had secured. He indulged his imagination in painting, in the most vivid colours, dreams of eternal felicity; he was even planning the solemnity of the nuptial feast, which he was resolved to put in effect without the least delay. He entered his castle, lost in these agreeable reflections, when, on lifting up his eyes, he beheld the lovely Ilvina, the object of his tender love, bending affectionately over the bleeding body of the half-expiring Ulric. "Base slave," he cried "do'st thou still live?" and, as he spoke, rushed upon him with his drawn sword. His hand was raised for the blow, when Ilvina, starting up, threw herself before him. "Pierce my bosom," she exclaimed, "but spare my Ulric." "Stand off,"

cried the irritated baron, and roughly pushed her from before him. She fell on her knees, and grasping him by the garment, besought him to spare her lover. He spurned from her; and, regardless of her piercing shrieks, was about to strike, when Hugo, with his fettered hands, smote him violently on the head.

Lodrog was stunned with the blow. With eyes flashing fire, and a voice faultering with rage, he commanded his guards to throw that villain into the deepest dungeon; there to wait his pleasure.

Hugo, sullenly, and without uttering a word, retired, whilst the weeping Ilvina, clung, almost senseless, to the knees of the imperious baron, who, regardless of her entreaties, again attempt-

ed to deal the fatal blow, when Calmar, who had just entered, seized his arm. "O, shame!" he exclaimed, "can my lord butcher, in cold blood, a foe incapable of resistance? Tyrant! restrain thy rage, and let Calmar teach thee humanity."

"Slave!" cried Lodrog, "begone, Ulric is my prisoner, and I will treat him as to me seems good. Begone nor excite my wrath, least thou likewise taste its bitter fruits."

"Strike then," said Calmar, bearing his breast. "I shall, at least, have the consolation of dying before Lodrog has violated the sacred rights of humanity."

Calmar was the darling of the army. They heard him with grief, and a loud

murmur ran through the ranks. Lodrog rolled his enflamed eye-balls in silence. "Let him live," at last he sternly exclaimed. "Let him live, convey him to the dungeon beside his companions. To thee I commit him, but on thy life take care that Ilvina visits him not."

Ilvina, who, during the debate, had fainted, was conveyed to her apartments by her maidens, and Ulric dragged to the gloomy dungeon, attended by Calmar. Lodrog ordered a magnificent repast to be prepared in the great hall for his knights, and all those strangers who had come from a distance to embrace his cause. Long tables were ranged in the inner court, at which the soldiers were regaled. They feasted upon the flesh of bulls, the bear, the deer and the sheep; whilst sparkling bowls of ale exhilirated their

spirits and chased away fatigue; with songs they diffused their mirth around; all was festivity and joy.

At the close of the day, the Baron having assembled his knights, went in procession to the chapel of the castle to return thanks for the success of his arms. The priest, a venerable old man, whose hoary hair and flowing beard streamed to the blast which sighed through the storied arches; lifting his trembling hands and eyes to heaven, poured forth his thanks with all the fervour of pure devotion. He went through the ceremony of high mass with all possible solemnity, whilst the pealing organ thundered along the fretted vaults.

After the conclusion of these acts of devotion, Lodrog marched in slow procession to the great hall, where a splen-

did banquet awaited him and his heroes. They passed through the entrance hall, whose vast extent was lighted by an immense iron lamp which hung suspended by a chain of the same metal from the centre of the cieling. The hall was circular, and surrounded with doors which led to the various suits of apartments. Between each door arose a gothic pillar, from whose capital sprung the bold arch which formed the dome of the roof. The inside of this dome was richly adorned with ancient sculpture, representing the Scandinavian legends of their gods, or the more modern ones of the saints. Here sat Odin, and with him in council their Vogar. There was the horrible image of Lock, with his gigantick jaws vomiting forth those flames in which he was supposed to be fated to destroy himself and the world. On the

other hand might be observed rude paintings of the holy trinity, and various representations of scripture embosfed upon the stone. Round this hall were suspended the antiquated arms of the barons of Hedemora. Here hung the bow of Olaus, the founder of the race; and there was preserved, with almost superstitious care, the famous sword, with which his son Ryhalt, slew the Icelandic giant. In another part, armour of a less ancient date was suspended. Here was the cuirass perforated in many places, which Guthrun had on when he was slain in battle; and near to these were now deposited the arms of the late Baader.

From this hall they passed through a suit of superb apartments, until they entered the great hall. Here on the high raised deis was placed the chair of

state, on which the haughty baron sat, beneath a gorgeous canopy of crimson velvet, richly embroidered. On the right hand of the baron was seated Olaus, lord of Tondemora: on his left the gallant Calmar. Along the wide extended boards the heroes arranged themselves. Above their heads from the lofty roof, the banners taken in war by the house of Hedemora, were suspended as a perpetual memorial of their ancient proweſs. To these were now added those taken this day from Ulric. The genial board groans with costly piles of all the delicacies of Scandinavia.

From polished rich emboſsed flaggons the sparkling beverage was poured, and the chiefs forgot the fatigues and the dangers of war in the pleasures of conviviality. Nor was music wanting. Mader

was present with his harp leading on the chorus of bards.

"King of song," said Lodrog, "come, and pour forth the strains of joy. Whilst we indulge in the pleasures of the feast, do thou smite the lyre with the bold strains of victory. Sing of the deeds of this day, Mader." He obeyed, and poured forth the following strains:

I.

Wide around our hoary towers
Spread the army's circling blaze,
Ulric leads the martial powers,
Lord of Osel's echoing bays.
There in gleaming splendor bright
Blaze the steel-clad ranks of fight;
Wide o'er the plain
Rush the fierce train,
The clash of armour roars around;
The dauntless knight
Who rules the fight,
Shouts 'midst his bands with horrid sound.

Now thund'ring on the crashing gate
Each martial faulchion deals the blow;
While the grim leader of the foe
Surveys the deathful work of fate.
Calm 'midst the battle's heart-appalling roar,
Sways the hills of slain and curdling streams of gore.

II.

What northern son of stormy might,
Tremendous, heads the hostile powers;
Who, dauntless in the deathful fight,
Rushes impetuous on our towers;
See his blood-red eye-balls glow,
Glaring terror on the foe,
With purpl'd spear
Hurl'd through the air
Gores many a breast with gaping wound.
Along the field,
From many a shield
Fierce does the thund'ring dart rebound.

While upward hurl'd, a flinty shower
Grim blackens all the azure sky;
The darts thick rattle from on high;
From ev'ry hero-crested tower.
And war's black raven deeply drench'd
in gore,
Loud flaps his sable wings amidst the
battle's roar.

III.

Ah, me! what soul of iron might
Shall save our leaguer'd tow'rs,
And stem the billows of the fight
Though war's black tempest low'rs?
Who from the sunless murky gloom
Shall rend black horror's shroud,—
Who bid bright vict'ry's torch illume
The soul-detested cloud?
Though our castle, chief-defended,
Still debars the raging foe;
Soon will horrid war be ended,
And it's rampart's head laid low.

Thro' the lone courts, with shrilling cry
And loose dishevell'd hair,
My fancy sees the virgin fly,
The grim pursuer near.
The murd'rous butchery is o'er;
The chiefs lie gor'd around:
Wrapt in the flame's destructive roar,
The turrets strew the ground.

IV.

From the turret's airy height,
Burning with indignant ire,
Lodrog mark'd the deathful fight,—
Mark'd his bravest bands expire.
He saw; and, from his hoary tow'rs,
To death or conquest led his pow'rs.
Hark the deep groan,
Th' expiring moan,—
Red carnage loads the groaning plain;
And many a knight,
Deep gor'd in fight,
Hath worn his glitt'ring arms in vain.

Lodrog heads the conqu'ring bands,
Hark embattled thousands roar;
War's grim monarch, drench'd in gore,
Sways his red blade with ruthleſs hands.
The gleaming lustre of the brandish'd spear,
To madneſs has inflamed the agitated air.

V.

Wild along the trembling plain,
Fly the thousands of the foe;
Conquest fires our dauntleſs train,
Vengeance deals the sounding blow.
Aghast, amidst his routed pow'rs,
Despair on Ulric's forehead low'rs.
Hark! hear him cry,
"Come Lodrog, try
With me the noble strife of arms;
One now shall bleed:
The victor's meed
Be fair Ilvina's blooming charms."

Swift Hedemora's champion flies,
Couch'd in his sinewy hand his lance;
The fiery snorting steeds advance:
Low,—low on earth pale Ulric lies.
With faithless hate his thousands speed
their flight;
He bleeds! he groans! he gasps! and
sinks to endless night.

VI.

Now, the cheerful courts around,
Exulting echoes ring;
The happy victors, garland crown'd,
The hymns of triumph sing.
Meek devotion lifts her eyes,
And thanks the God above;
And free from war each hero flies,
The joys of peace to prove.
Let Peace and Plenty, snowy-vested,
Display their placid charms;
Nor war infuriate, horror-crested,
Howl round these towers his dread
alarms.

Long may the gallant chief who sav'd
His country's sinking towers,
And wild destruction's horrors brav'd
To save her peaceful bowers.
Long may this gallant youth, we pray,
In fair Ilvina's arms,—
Bask in bright love's imperial day,
Secure from rude alarms.

The bard ceased. The barons, who with mute attention had listened to the lay, confeſsed the pleasure he had given them. Once more the flowing bowl was handed round, and their cares drowned in the joys of conviviality. When all were much elevated by copious draughts of heating beverage, the stern Olaus suddenly started up, "Lord of Hedemora!" he exclaimed, "Why doth not Ilvina appear? her smiles would diffuse joy around." "Thou speakest well; she shall

appear," said Lodrog; "the haughty maid shall see that Lodrog will be no more fooled by her whinings."

"My lord," cried Calmar, "'twould be cruel to distress Ilvina now. She has not yet recovered the shock of Ulric's defeat. To disturb her sorrows would be cruel and ———." "Slave!" exclaimed Olaus, "thy lord hath spoken; be silent and obey."

"Lord of Tondemora," replied Calmar, "I spoke not to thee. My lord would at least have heard me." The strong workings of his soul glared in the ferocious countenance of Olaus. He unsheathed his sword, and bending over the table, attempted to plunge it in Calmar's breast. Calmar drew, and defended himself. Lodrog furiously commanded them to desist. Calmar dropped his point; but

Olaus, regardleſs, rushed impetuously on him. Calmar seized his hand in a nervous grasp, writhed the blade from him, and flung him headlong on the floor, where he lay stupified with the violence of his fall. He was carried to his apartment, and Lodrog immediately dismiſsed the company to their respective chambers. The liquor he had drank, and the speech of Olaus, had roused all the native brutality of his disposition: he rose, and, with staggering steps, reeled towards the apartments of Ilvina. Wishing to rush upon her by surprize, he advanced as softly as he could, groping his way with extended arms along the dark paſsages.

When arrived at her door he listened,—all was still,—he looked attentively to see if there was any light from below it,—all was dark. He attempted to open it,—

the lock refused to yield to his efforts. He again endeavoured to enter, and again failed. Enraged at these disappointments, he rushed against the door with a violence which burst it open, and precipitated himself headlong into the room. Upon entering, he thought he heard a faint scream. When he recovered his feet he stood a moment to listen,—all was still. The room was extensive, and there was no light except what was afforded by the transient gleams of moon-shine through the arched window. Lodrog cast his eyes wistfully around, to see if through the thick gloom he could perceive Ilvina. With extended arms he began cautiously to examine every corner of the apartment. He could no where find her, and, mad with disappointment, he poured forth a torrent of imprecations, and called Ilvina aloud.

The noise he made soon brought together a number of domestics with torches, and a considerable part of the knights who had so lately retired. Ilvina was no where to be found. Ledrog, foaming with rage, swore, that unless she was recovered, he would instantly hang every soul in the castle.

He ordered them all to run different ways in search of her. He himself seized a torch, and, at the same instant drawing his sword, rushed out, apparently in search of Ilvina, but in reality to murder Ulric.

As he gloomily trod along the court, the echoes of his footsteps startled him. He stared wildly around. All was silent. Again he advanced, and descended a narrow stair-case, and strode sternly along a lone and dreary under-ground

paſsage, at the extremity of which the dungeon of Ulric and Hugo was situated. The damp had discoloured the walls of the paſsage, the sullen blast sighed slowly along it, and agitated the flame of the torch, which, at times, seemed nearly extinguished, and again, by a full glare, disclosed the horrors of the place.

He was now arrived at the iron door of the prison. He unlatched it; and was applying his shoulder to force it open, when a faint scream from behind startled him. He cast round his scowling eye, and perceived a figure in white flying from him. He left the door half open, and eagerly pursued it. The figure glided along the paſsage, and flew up the stair. Lodrog pursued, calling aloud for his men. As he followed it along the court, he gained

ground upon it. A number of domestics, with Olaus and Calmar, now entered the court. Lodrog had just seized the garment of the fugitive, when a loose stone caught his foot, and he fell. Ilvina, for it was her, burst from him, and observing a door near her, rushed in.

Olaus, who caught a glimpse of her, pursued. The door led to a winding stair, up which Ilvina fled. Olaus followed her. At the end of it he found himself in a long gallery, at the farther extremity of which was an open door. To this he advanced. The blast which entered at it, immediately extinguished his torch, and Olaus found himself in almost total darkneſs, save where the transient glimpses of the moon-light gleamed through the painted windows. Guilt is ever awake to superstition. Olaus

trembled. His knees knocked against each other; his bristled hair stood erect. His affrighted imagination conveyed to his ear the most dismal sounds. The echoes of his own footsteps terrified him. At length he called aloud for Lodrog. His voice resounding through the vaulted roofs struck him with horror; he threw himself on the ground, and in the utmost agony of superstitious horror, bellowed for help.

The baron of Hedemora, accompanied by several of his men, rushed up into the gallery, and there found Olaus stretched upon the ground.

The speechless Olaus, unable to assign any cause for his dismay, pointed to the door. They fixed their eyes upon it in momentary expectation of the ap-

pearance of some portentous spectacle. A distant door was violently flung to. It was again opened: a shriek was heard, and a current of wind rushed howling along the paſsages and gallery, which extinguished their lamps, and left them again in total darkneſs. The shrieking was repeated louder and nearer, and they distinctly heard the sound of feet as if in pursuit. Overcome with horror, the terrified group began to recite their prayers with uncommon fervour; they made the sign of the croſs, and even Lodrog groaned with terror.

Suddenly a glare of light burst in at the door, and four men entered, dragging along with them a female whose shrieks rent the air.

At this spectacle, with one general cry, the whole party fell with their faces on

the ground, where they lay prostrate without daring to look up. When they ventured to raise their heads, they found, to their astonishment, that the supposed apparition was nothing more than four of their companions, who, having pursued Ilvina, had taken her near the gallery.

Lodrog, having recovered from his superstitious terror, reasumed the haughty baron; and, after ordering Ilvina into close confinement, and declaring that on the morrow he would make a severe scrutiny into the cause of her quitting her chamber, he commanded all present to retire, and sternly stalked towards his own chamber, where he in vain attempted to compose his agitated mind. The events of the preceding day were continually wounding his conscience, and some former transactions, of a most diabolical nature,

harrowed up his soul. Ulric, he was determined, since he had that night escaped his wrath, should next day breathe his last; and then, his rival being removed, he flattered himself, that Ilvina would become more favorable to his inclinations.

Such were the meditations of the baron of Hedemora: in them he spent the time till the whole castle was hushed in still repose; when, taking a lamp in one hand, and a dagger in the other, he rose to execute that premeditated purpose which he was now resolved to effect.

Ilvina, mean while, spent an agonizing night: the prospect before her was hideous; nor was there one ray of light to break its uniform gloom. The more she dwelt upon her situation, the more dreadful it appeared. She spent the night in

tears, nor did the dawn of day find her more composed.

Early in the morning Lodrog was roused from a perturbed slumber, by a knocking at the door of his chamber. He ordered whoever it might be to enter. No one appeared; but, after a short interval, the knocking was repeated. He now sprung from his couch, and opened the door himself; and, to his astonishment, beheld one of his domestics kneeling before him, with hands uplifted as in the act of supplication, and eyes dilated with fear. Lodrog was upon the point of raising his arm to strike the fellow for disturbing him, when, with a piteous whining accent, he exclaimed, "Nay, my good lord, be not so soon provoked; O, my noble lord, if you are angry now, what will you be when you know all?" "All, scoundrel!" exclaimed Lod-

rog, "What all?" "I'll tell you, I'll tell you," replied the terrified domestic. "Tell me this instant," cried Lodrog, growing more and more furious, "or, by all the saints in heaven, I'll dash thy soul to purgatory." "Last night, my lord, according to your orders, the prisoners were secured. The prison doors were locked, of this I'm certain, for I recollect perfectly bringing the keys, and hanging them upon the stag's horn in the fore-hall. This morning, says I to Gerard, Come Gerard, let us go and give the prisoners their food, for I thought as they had been allowed no meat since ——." "Confound their meat, go on," exclaimed the impatient Lodrog. "O, my lord, you terify me so—where was I, aye? Well, says I to Gerard, Come Gerard."—"Perdition catch thee, and Gerard too," interrupted the baron. "Tell me, are the prisoners safe?" "No,

my lord." "Hell and all its furies light on thy soul," exclaimed the furious baron; and, as he spoke, gave the domestic a blow on the face, which laid him flat; and then leaping over his body, he thundered down the stairs, and rushed into the court.

He met Calmar and Olaus, who informed him, that the prison door had been found open, and that Hugo had effected his escape.

Lodrog paused. He recollected having opened the door, when about to perpetrate his villanous design of murdering the defenceleſs Ulric; and, in the heat of the purſuit after Ilvina, he had neglected to close it again. A gloomy smile spread itself over his harsh features. He thought he should now be able to remove Ulric with some appearance of justice;

and as to Hugo, he judged it impoſsible for him to have escaped, and doubted not but he would be discovered in some secret part of the castle. He accordingly, after having given some neceſsary orders, attended by Calmar, proceeded to the apartment of Ilvina. They found her pale and agitated. She could scarcely refrain from shrieking when they entered. The features of Lodrog had aſsumed a grim sternneſs truly horrific; and Calmar regarded her with a look of anguish which wrung her very soul.

After a moment of agonizing suspense, Lodrog broke the silence, by harshly demanding, wherefore she quitted her apartment the preceding night?

"Rather," said Ilvina, summoning all her courage, "let me demand wherefore

you intruded yourself into this apartment last night at such a time, and in such a manner?"

"My entrance into any apartment in my own castle, at whatsoever time and in whatsoever manner, can never be esteemed an intrusion," replied Lodrog: "but answer my question;

"When did you quit your chamber?"

"When you entered it," replied Ilvina.

"And why?"

"Because you entered it."

The eyes of Lodrog flashed fire; he seized Ilvina by the arm, and led, or rather dragged her into the court, swearing, that she should speedily repent such mistimed and insolent prudery.

When they entered the inner court, they perceived it lined with the troops of Lodrog. His allies, excepting Olaus, the baron had already dismissed, fearing that they would oppose his designs. Opposite to the gate was erected, a spacious platform, on which was placed, the chair of state for Lodrog. The chair and the whole platform was hung with black; on it was placed, a block and an axe, beside which stood the executioner, clad in a sable robe, his arms folded before him. His eyes were fixed with a callous stare on the instrument of death.

When Ilvina first beheld these awful preparations, she shuddered, and endeavoured to recoil; but the ferocious Lodrog, firmly grasping her hand, led her on.

The baron was sheathed in his armor. That armor which he had worn in the late battle. It was hack'd, and hewn, and stain'd with the blood of his foes. The dark horse-hair which crested his helmet, waved to the sullen blast which sighed through the lofty turrets of his castle. His black eyes scowled from beneath his shaggy brows, and his whole countenance was ghastly pale. At times, something seemed to rush across his mind, which made his features assume a convulsive expression of horror; but they soon resumed their settled sternness.

The pale and trembling Ilvina was clad in a white vest; her mild blue eye was suffused in tears,—her beautiful hair hung dishevelled about her neck and shoulders, —and her whole frame discovered a tremulous agitation.

Olaus stalked before them. His drawn sword in his hand; his red eye flashed rage and exulting pride. He was sheathed in a complete coat of mail, which rattled on his nervous limbs as he advanced.

Calmar walked slowly behind. His mantle was wrapp'd carelesly around him: his countenance expreſsed sorrow, mixed with indignation. He cast a look on Ilvina, and the tear of compaſsion trickled down his cheek. He turned towards Olaus, and his eye flashed honest rage.

Paſsing through the marshalled squadrons which lined the court, they slowly ascended the steps of the scaffold; and, on a signal from Lodrog, the chorus of bards in the opposite gallery began a solemn hymn in praise of justice.

STROPHE I.

What goddeſs form of giant size,
Darting impetuous from the ſkies
Sits on the turret's hoary height,
Thron'd in effulgence of ſeraphic light.
Her piercing eyes emit a living ray,
Beneath her feet the flashing light'nings play;
Her dread right-hand the bickering faulchion rears,
Her steady left the well-pois'd balance bears.
Celestial JUSTICE! eldest born of heav'n!
The noblest gift of God to erring mortals giv'n.

ANTISTROPHE I.

For you my chosen sons she cries,
I quit the mansions of the skies,
Borne through th' extended plains of space,
By heav'nly coursers of ethereal race:
The rocking hills confeſs my potent sway,
The nodding towers behold me and obey.
Now o'er the guilty head my sword I wave,
Which smites alike the monarch and the slave:

Now on your deeds I fix my stern regard,
And as your deeds deserve, shall punish or
reward.

STROPHE II.

Not the gorgeous blaze of pow'r
Shall save the guilty soul;
Sculptur'd fane and cloud-cap'd tow'r
Shall yield to my control.
Some in their bright meridian blaze
Dire retribution's tempests shroud;
Some in the evening of their days
Are wrap'd in sorrow's sunless cloud:
And others' dooms are veil'd from mortal sight,
Whelm'd in unfathom'd shades of murky night.

ANTISTROPHE II.

He whose soul of iron mould
Laughs at the pangs of woe,
Can sorrows pallid train behold,
Nor bid the tear to flow;

He whose unrelenting breast
Ne'er heav'd a sympathetic sigh,
The winter of whose soul suppress
The tribute of a pitying eye;
More than the murd'ring wretch should he be curst,—
A lack of mercy is of crimes the worst.

EPODE.

He acroſs whose milder soul,
Gentle tides of pity roll;
He within whose peaceful breast,
Storms of rage are lull'd to rest;—
Who, when vengeance arms his hand,
Mourns her harsh, though just command;
Who for foes can heave a sigh,
And drop the tear of sympathy:
What! tho' sorrow's haggard train,
Care, and want, and pale-ey'd pain,
Ever round his restleſs bed,
Horrors and distraction shed;

Sternly shake with horrid clash
The shrilly-sounding brazen lash;
He'll calmly bend the placid eye,
And smile at rude adversity.
To future times will I transmit his name,
And weave his laureate wreath, and stamp his deathless fame.

The bard ceased.—The great bell of the castle began slowly to toll. Its dismal knell struck a chill through the heart of every one. The iron-gate of the prison grated harshly on its hinges; and Ulric, loaded with chains, was brought forth. He was pale with loss of blood; and tho' supported by two assistants, feebly dragged his fettered limbs along. He was led up the platform, and placed opposite to Lodrog, who, knitting his brows, thus addressed him:

"Slave! lawleſs robber! who leadeſt thy ruffian bands to rapine and plunder, where is the villain who laſt night was imprison'd with thee? Thou ſhalt die."

"O Lodrog," exclaimed Ilvina, "revoke that cruel decree. Let him live. Oh! had it been thy lot to have fallen beneath his arms, thou wouldſt have lived. Behold Ilvina at your feet; ſhe intreats you to ſpare the life of her lover; ſhe embraces the knees of his murderer."

Malicious joy glared in the eyes of Lodrog. "Does the proud Ilvina kneel? Does ſhe condeſcend to ſupplicate the mercy of him whom ſhe loads with contempt? Riſe lady, nor thus demean thyſelf. Think for whom you intercede. A vanquiſhed knight ſhould never be the object of compaſsion to a haughty fair. Yet thou wiſheſt his life: On what terms

wilt thou purchase it? Wilt thou return the love of the baron of Hedemora? On such conditions Ulric may yet live, but on no other."

The soul of Ulvina shrunk within her,—she hesitated,—love for Ulric overcame all consideration of self; and she was about to acquiesce, when the idea of consigning herself to perpetual misery, in spite of her fortitude, overcame her, and she fainted away.

When she recovered, the first object which struck her eyes, was the pallid Ulric. She stretched her hands towards him with an involuntary expression of tenderness, and burst into tears. Ulric saw the struggle in her mind,—he guessed the sacrifice she was about to make; and exciting the feeble remains

of his strength, exclaimed, "Stay, my Ilvina, nor rashly precipitate thyself into misery. I have not long to live. The brave and the coward alike must fall. Many mightier than I have fallen before me. Why should Ulric fear to die? Death is only dreadful to the dark in soul. The brave and the good fear it not. 'Tis to them as a paſsing dream. I have been vanquished in battle: my thousands have fallen by my side. Never again shall Ulric stalk over his native hills with the pride of conquest on his brow. His sword has failed in the battle; his fame is gone for ever. But tyrant, I die not unrevenged. The red-haired Hugo, who has escaped thy rage, shall once more return, and wrap thy proud ramparts in flames. When thy black blood shall stream on Rudulph's steel, in the anguish of thy soul thou shalt wish Ulric yet alive. O, my brave soldiers! may victory crown

your arms: may you live to shew the people of Osel the grim scars of unheeded wounds; and exclaim in the swell of honest pride, these are received in revenging our lord. But when ruin smites these towers, may'st thou live, O Calmar, thou friend of misery."

"For thee, Ilvina,— we part to meet no more. Weep not, my love. Long and happily mayst thou live, when Ulric exists but in thought. I can no more —. Farewel, Ilvina,——a long,——a last farewel——."

"'Tis o'er! Now Lodrog, I defy thee.— Lead me to the block ——."

"O, Ulric! Ulric!" exclaimed Ilvina; "stay, stay,—live, my Ulric. Let me be

the prey of all that is miserable. Let me be the wife of Lodrog, rather than thou shouldst die."

Ulric silently waved his hand; he threw off his upper garment. Ilvina screaming, made a convulsive effort to burst from the hands of those who held her; she could not. She stretched her arms affectionately towards Ulric, and sunk back in a happy insensibility. Calmar could bear it no longer. "Tyrant," he exclaimed to Lodrog, "disgrace to knighthood and to arms, Is it thus thou endeavourest to gain the affections of the fair, by butchering their lovers in cold blood before them?——." "Slave! be silent," replied the irritated baron, "Here guards, convey this man of justice to the dungeon; there let him preach to walls and iron doors."

Calmar was hurried away, when suddenly the sentinels on the ramparts exclaimed from every side, "To arms! To arms! The enemy are winding up the vale. To arms! To arms!" All was confusion and uproar. The soldiers who lined the court immediately rushed to the walls. The gates were secured,—the bridges drawn up,—the portcullis let down,—and in a few minutes all was prepared for the reception of the enemy, who drew up in a long line before the castle. The croſs bows were bent. The hands were raised to hurl the javelin; and nothing but the word of command was wanting for the aſsault to commence.

Notwithstanding the presence of Lodrog was of the utmost importance at this critical moment, yet the desire of gratifying his revenge detain'd him in the court.

The head of Ulric was laid upon the block; the axe of the executioner was raised, Olaus stood by with drawn sword to see that he did his duty, when a door in the western tower was thrown open, and Hugo rushed in, at the head of a long train of followers who filled the whole court. The executioner dropped his axe and fled. Olaus leaped from the scaffold, and endeavoured to rally the few scattered soldiers in the court. Lodrog instantly fled. All was horror and confusion. Before the garrison recovered from the surprise this unexpected attack produced, the men of Hugo opened the gates to their friends without, who poured into the castle. Hugo slew the ferocious Olaus. He clove his crested helm, and his spattering brain dashed on either side: he fell, and expired blaspheming.

The men of Lodrog, prefsed on all sides, without a leader, confused and terrified, were easily overcome. They yielded themselves prisoners to the victors. The courts of Hedemora rung with the pealing shouts of the troops of Ulric, who felt new vigour animate their souls.

What a surprising change of fortune! Once more the knight dared to call Ilvina his; once more he might indulge in sanguine hopes of future happinefs.

The joy of Ilvina was too great for utterance. She hung upon Ulric, she fixed her eye fondly upon his, and gazed on him with unutterable affection.—"Spread the sails," cried Ulric, "let us quit this hated shore; let us return to the halls of my fathers, there let our future days be consecrated to joy. Let

all my heroes embark; and when our vessels plow the deep, shall brave Hugo relate the means by which he saved us all."

They descended from the castle, and proceeded down the narrow road which wound along the vale below, till they arrived upon the beech.

All was speedily prepared; the little fleet soon got under way, and stood with a prosperous breeze towards the islands of Osel and Dago.

Ulric reclined his weary limbs on a couch, at the foot of which sat Ilvina. Hugo stood beside them; whilst Rudulph slowly paced up and down the cabin.

"Come Hugo," said Ulric, "let us hear thy tale. Relate from that time when some one opened the door of our prison, left it so, and went in pursuit of some other person; when thou iſsuedst from the dungeon, and left me incapable of following thee."

"Now all the saints bear witneſs," said Hugo, "that I would never have deserted my lord,—I would"—"I am convinced that thou hast always been faithful to me," interrupted Ulric, "but proceed with thy narrative." Hugo obeyed. "For some time after I left you, my lord," said Hugo, "I only dared to sculk about in the hidden corners of the court; there was so much going to and fro, and such a screaming and shouting, and noise. After some time the uproar abated, the lights in all the

apartments were extinguished one after another, and a dead silence reigned through the whole of this immense pile of building.

"The huge towers seemed to frown upon me. The brightneſs of the moon riding sublime amidst the heavens cast a deep shadow upon some parts, made others appear unusually prominent. I now began to search around on all sides, to discover, if poſsible, some means of escape; when I observed a figure descend from one of the towers, and advance acroſs the court. I retired behind the shadow of a buttreſs, that I might observe it with leſs danger of detection. It bore a lamp in one hand, and a naked sword in the other. It was tall, and clad in a long winding cloak. It wore a helmet, with the visor down; so that

I could not distinguish the features of its face. It frequently cast a scowling look around. It advanced to a small door in the western tower, which I had already attempted to open, but without succeſs. The figure applied its hand to it—it flew open—the figure entered—the door closed. For a moment I stood irresolute. Shall I follow this mysterious being or not? If mortal, I am a man as well as he: if not mortal, he will do harm to no one.—I will pursue it.—I made a violent effort to burst open the door; it resisted my utmost strength; I felt with my hands to discover some prominence. A gleam of the moon appeared to be reflected from something bright. I applied my hand. The door instantly flew open. I entered, and cautiously closed it. I found that it opened by means of a spring. All around

was total darkneſs. I felt about, and found myself in a kind of paſsage. I advanced with rapid strides, treading on something loose, which my perturbed imagination represented as bones. I had proceeded a considerable time, and began to think of returning; when, at a sudden turn, I again caught a glimpse of the light. It advanced with slow and solemn paces. I followed at a distance at which I thought I could not be perceived, treading with the utmost caution. At times the figure sigh'd deeply. The effect which these sighs had upon me cannot be described. Thus did we paſs through several apartments, which displayed all the marks of former magnificence, which was now mouldering away under the hand of time. We entered an immense hall, the walls of which were discoloured with damp. The sable banners wav'd gloomily

from the ceiling, the furniture was cover'd with mould; all wore the appearance of former grandeur, but all was much decayed. A long table was placed in the middle of the hall, at the upper end was the chair of state. Fancy almost made me believe, that I saw the visionary inhabitants filling their seats.

"These ideas made a deep impression upon me. The gloomy horrors of the place; the mysterious figure gliding along before my eyes, were all calculated to give rise to superstitious delusions. I started at the images my own fancy had conjured up. The noise I made occasioned the figure to turn round. I crouched behind a cumbrous couch, and veiled by the dark gloom, escaped detection. The figure proceeded.

"The next apartment we entered was a superb bed-chamber. The state bed was of the richest embroidery. A magnificent canopy was suspended over it, on which the arms of the barons of Hedemora were wrought in the richest colours.

"Beside the bed was a couch; which, as the glimmerings of the lamp flashed upon it, seemed stained with blood. The figure cast his eyes towards the bed, and sighed deeply. My blood almost curdled within me. The sensations I endured can scarcely be conceived, much leſs described. A cold chilneſs seemed to pervade my very heart.

"The figure proceeded through a gallery of paintings which were agitated by the wind which sighed through it, and seemed to my distracted imagination to

be moving from their frames. At the extremity of this gallery the figure descended a winding stair 'till it came to an iron-door. This opened to it's touch. The figure did not close it, but desended another flight of steps which were apparently excavated from the solid rock.

" The air was cold, the place extremely damp, I began to feel I know not what terrors. I wished to return, but an irresistible impulse to see the conclusion of this mysterious adventure urged me on.

" We proceeded through a long paſsage cut out of the solid rock. An opening appeared to the right, and another to the left. The figure suddenly turned down the one to the left. For a moment the rays of the lamp iſsued from the paſsage. I heard a loud sound, like the violent

clapping of a door—all was dark.—Good Heaven! never shall I forget the horror of that moment. I was as it were buried under the earth. I was wrapt in impenetrable darkneſs. How could I hope to retrace my devious course through so many apartments, some of which had several doors; and though I could do it, should I not return to certain death?

"From this gloomy reverie I was rous'd by a piercing shriek, succeded by a hollow groan, which seemed to come from below me. I shuddered—my hair began to bristle up with horror, and the cold sweat to distil from every limb.—After a short interval the groan was again repeated. Again the light gleamed from the left turning. A door was again flung to, and the mysterious figure once more appeared.

"I was now in the most imminent danger of detection. I retreated till I found a receſs in the side of the paſsage; in this I lay down till the figure had paſsed. His visor was now up. I gazed on his features with a kind of steady phrenzy, but judge my astonishment when I recognized Lodrog.

"For a moment, amazement deprived me even of the power of thought. I was unresolved—whether to follow him, or to remain and endeavour to discover the cause of this mysterious appearance.

"Before I had determined what part to act, he vanished through the winding of the paſsage, and I was once more left in total darkneſs. I involuntarily rushed after him; but before I again caught sight of him I heard the iron door harshly

clashed, which I knew would form an impenetrable barrier between me and the light of day. For a moment I gave myself up to this agonizing consideration. In a fit of despair I threw myself on the ground; when the groan, once more repeated, roused me. Despair lent me courage; my situation could not be more wretched than it then was: who could foresee what this act of resolution might produce? At all events I determined either to unravel this mystery, or die in the attempt. I therefore advanced to the turning; and, when opposite to it, cautiously turned, as if in expectation of seeing something dreadful.—All seemed dark.—I gazed on it attentively.—And thought I perceived something like a pale light glimmering from below a door. I continued gazing with fixed attention, when the groan was again

repeated. I now roused all my soul; and collecting my strength, sprung against the door with such violence, that I burst it open, and rushed into the apartment. O God! what a spectacle presented itself to my view: my soul sicken'd—I instantly fainted—and even now my blood curdles with horror at the bare recollection of it. —I must pause.—I am unable to proceed in this horrible narration!

Hugo paused for a moment. His countenance aſsumed a deadly paleneſs: his auditors gazed on him in silent expectation of something beyond the power of words to detail of a fearful—; they knew not what.

Hugo became more composed, and proceeded:—

" When I recovered from the state of stupefaction into which the first glance of that infernal chamber had thrown me, I ventured to raise my head to view the terrifying objects once more.

" The chamber was vaulted, the walls discoloured with noisome damps which stained them of various hues. The air contaminated with pestilential vapours to such a degree, that it could scarcely support the pale blue flame of a lamp which was suspended from the centre of the vault, and which diffused a dismal sulphureous glare around. On one side was a miserable pallet bed, expreſsive of the utmost wretchedneſs, and opposite, in an open coffin, lay the disgusting remains of a human body, in the most loathsome stage of putrefaction. On the floor, weltering in her own blood, with

the sword of Lodrog fast fixed in her breast, lay a female, in whose pale though beautiful countenance, the agonies of death were impreſsed. I gazed in silent horror. My blood curdled in my veins, my hair stood erect, and I was in danger of relapsing into insensibility, when the apparently dying female opening her eyes, gave a faint scream at the sight of me, and instantly closed them again. O monster! monster! she faintly exclaimed, persecute me not now. Oh! How he frowns! Save me—Oh!—Oh! Give me back my mother, Lodrog—where is she?—Am I not thy wife?—but thou art cruel—cruel.—See! the angels descend to guide me to heaven—there are none for thee, Lodrog.—Oh! do not kill her—she is my mother—respect her grey locks.—Oh! monster! monster!—She fell back, and again relapsed into insen-

sibility. I approached her! I raised her head and supported it on my breast; I chafed her temples, and again she opened her eyes. She fixed them upon me. The frenzy had now left her: she languidly demanded who I was. Think not of that Lady, said I; you see one before you who will risk his heart's blood for your benefit. —Generous stranger, she interrupted, my prayers attend thee; I have not long to live. The tide of life ebbs fast. But e'er I quit this sublunary sphere, let me briefly relate the course of my present state. Perhaps my wrongs may raise me an avenger. Ah! no, rather let him live! let him repent of his crimes. I, stranger, am baronness of Hedemora; von mals of corruption was my mother. Lodrog, my husband, burnt for some happier dame. When wrapt in sleep, I and my aged parent were borne hither; provisions

were left beside us. For a week we saw no one. At the end of the week Lodrog came, and returned every week with food. Here we remained immured for more than twelve long months. Five days ago my aged mother died. This night Lodrog came. With a sword he attempted to slay me. I bleed—I die. Farewell, generous stranger. Farewell—sometimes turn a thought towards the unfortunate Olinda.—She paused; I thought the spark of life was extinct. Again she opened her eyes; a lambent fire seemed to play around them. See you yon bright vision? she cried; 'tis my mother, she comes for Olinda. I come! I come. She made an effort to rise, fell back, and instantly expired.

"When fully convinced she was dead, I drew the sword from her breast, and

swore on the reeking blade to avenge Olinda. With the point of the steel I raised the stones of the pavement, and made a grave, in which I placed the bodies. With the earth and stones I raised a rude monument over them; and muttered, though with unhallowed lips, a requiem to their souls. "Yes, pure angelic spirit; I swore, and again do swear, never to sheath the sword of war till my steel has drunk the blood of Lodrog."

The last offices being paid to the unfortunate fair, I took the lamp in one hand and the sword of Lodrog in the other, and directed my steps up the turning to the right. I advanced till I arrived at a flight of steps; these I ascended, and then found the paſsage to grow narrower and lower: at length I was

obliged to creep on my hands and knees. I had not proceeded far in this manner before I unfortunately extinguished my lamp; and, almost at the same instant, found that I was arrived at the termination of the passage. I endeavoured to rise upright, but my head struck against something which sounded hollow like a door. I felt, and found it was one. I discovered a bolt, which I forced back with some difficulty; and then, by a vigorous effort, raised the trap door, and once more issued forth to the upper world.

"It was just break of day. The cooling breeze refreshed me. I knelt down, and returned thanks to my Creator. I then endeavoured to discover where I was. At a distance I saw the lofty turrets of the castle. I was just at the foot of the eastern hills. The trap door was

overgrown with grafs, and opened into a small thicket. I closed it carefully; and, after examining the place attentively, so that I might readily find it again, with a light heart I hasten'd over the plain to our camp. The soldiers received me with shouts of joy. I communicated my important discovery to Rudulph; and, with a chosen band, re-entered the paſsage from which I had so lately effected my escape. I marshalled my men in the great hall; and, as soon as I heard by the tumult that Rudulph had commenced his attack, I led them out.—The rest you know, my lord."

He ceased. All joined in praising the magnanimous Hugo; and Ilvina dropt a tear of sympathy for the unfortunate Olinda.

The dusky shades of evening now began to diffuse themselves around. The breeze which had wafted the fleet from the shore, died away in a calm. The red glow of the setting sun blazed in the western horizon, and tinged with gold the still surface of ocean. The sails hung loose upon their yards, the vefsels slept upon the watery expanse.

The seamen furled their sails, and began to ply their oars. They dashed the sea in cadence; and the light spray which they raised, tinged by the beams of the sun, seemed dipped in burning gold. The failors begun a melodious descant, in praise of their native country; and, raising their voices, sung to the cadence of their oars.

I.

What is wealth, and what is glory,
To internal peace of mind!
What is fame in future story,
If our joys are left behind!

II.

He that lives in splendid riot
Finds his pleasures soon will cloy;
Finds contentment, peace, and quiet,
Surest guides to endless joy.

III.

He that rests on downy pillow
Finds the sting of sorrow there;
He that's rock'd by ruffian billow,
Rests secure from thorny care.

IV.

Though the all-wise God commanded
That, on happier southern shores,
Smiling Nature, open-handed,
Lavish all her bounteous stores;—

V.

Though, at times, the bursting thunder
Hurls its stormy wrath around,—
Rends our firmest rocks asunder,—
Strews our forests on the ground;—

VI.

Though, oft times, the snowy mountain
Thunders on the vale below,—
Though, at Winter's voice, the fountain,
Ice-envelop'd, cease to flow;—

VII.

Though the huge foam-crested billow
Thunders on our trembling shores,—
Gentle slumbers bless our pillow
Though the howling tempest roars.

VIII.

Yet, our rugged clime adorning,
PEACE and FREEDOM shed their dawn;
As the golden star of morning
Gilds the dewy-mantled lawn.

A black cloud seemed to rise from the bosom of the deep, and gradually to spread itself over the face of heaven. The wind made a hollow murmuring noise, and the big drops of rain began to fall. Though as yet there was scarcely any wind, the sails flapped violently against the masts; and the surface of the sea became agitated. Every thing seem'd to portend an approaching tempest. All was dark as midnight. On a sudden a vast flash of lightning illumed the whole of the horizon. The thunder growled tremendously, and the rain and hail descended in sheets. The wind whistled through the shrouds. The waves ran mountains high; the vessels were, in a moment, driven far asunder. The refractory rudder started from the hands of the trembling pilot: the bending masts groaned beneath the fury of the

storm. One moment—the veſsels rode aloft on the ridge of a mountainous billow; the next—they were precipitated down to an unfathomable abyſs. A huge wave lashes this one with its ponderous bulk, and covers her flooded decks with foam. The mast of that one breaks, crashes, and thunders on the deck. The sailors and soldiers scream with terror, and the air resounds with unavailing lamentations. The yard-arms creak; the ropes cannot detain them in their positions; the sides of the veſsels can no longer withstand the fury of the storm; the seams open, and the tide rushes in at every chink.

The favourable gale which had borne them from the shore, now changed into a hurricane, which blew from every di-

rection. Some of the ships are driven towards their destinations; others are scattered up and down the Baltic. They are ignorant of each others fate; and the impenetrable darkness prevents them from knowing where they themselves are driven.

After having been tossed about all night, the vessel on board which Ulric and Ilvina were, having with difficulty outrode the storm, found itself within sight of land. Though the storm was abated, the pitching of the vessel was extremely violent, as the waves ran high and short. A small bay opened opposite to them, surrounded on one side by lofty rocks, the other two sides well wooded by forests, which extended up the country a considerable way. Beyond these a range of lofty snow-clad

mountains raised their haughty heads; from these a thousand rills came trickling down, and uniting into one considerable stream, after meandring through the forests, and crosing the narrow plains which separate it from the sea, poured its waves into the ocean. It was now turbid and discoloured by the late storm.

To this bay they steered the vesel; as well to land and refresh themselves, after the fatigues of the storm, as to perform some necesary repairs to the vessel, which the vicinity of the forest rendered convenient. To superintend these repairs, Ulric, who was yet weak, remained on board. Rudulph was sent on shore to head a party who were to cut down wood and to erect a tent, and

Hugo, with a chosen body of men, was ordered to reconnoitre the adjacent country.

Ulric, whilst leaning over the quarter-deck of his vefsel, cast his eyes on the various occupations of those on shore. The tent was ready, and, on a signal being given by Rudulph, the boat with Ulric and Ilvina rowed towards the beach.

Scarcely were they landed, when they heard the trampling of horses, and the shrill sound of a trumpet, and almost at the same instant a numerous body of horsemen completely armed issued from the wood. They were immediately recognized to be the troops of a powerful baron, a relation of Lodrog, who himself was there. To arms! To arms! re-

echoed along the beach. The clangor of the trumpet sounded; the cavalry poured upon their enemies, and a furious though short-lived contest ensued. The troops of Ulric, inferior in numbers, half-armed, and taken by surprise, were mown down. Ulric, weak and faint, was thrown down in the beginning of the action, and lay senseleſs on the field. The men in the veſsel threw themselves overboard and swam to shore. A trooper of Lodrog fix'd Ilvina, whose cries rent the air, upon his horse, and galloped off.

When the approach of Hugo and his band was heard, the enemy, having effected their purpose, immediately turned, and all went off at full speed. For men on foot to pursue them would have been a vain attempt, and the brave sol-

diers of Ulric were obliged to endure the cruel reflection, that the prize which they had gained with such difficulty, and such an effusion of blood, was once more ravished from them.

END OF VOL. I.